

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
THE CHIEF OF MILITARY HISTORY AND THE CENTER OF
MILITARY HISTORY

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REPLY TO
ATTENTION OF

Operational History Branch

Dr. Lydia Fish
Department of Anthropology
Buffalo State College
1300 Elmwood Avenue
Buffalo, New York 14222

Dear Lydia:

Enclosed you will find the words of some the Vietnam songs, according to an Army nurse, Lt. Col. Mary Frank (soon to be promoted to full colonel), that were sung at hospitals in the Saigon area during the war. Sorry for the delay, but being a pack rat, nothing is easy to find!

Enjoyed meeting at the Air and Space Museum's conference, 7 January, and wish you the best on your Vietnam Veterans Oral History and Folklore Project.

Sincerely,



George L. MacDarrigle
Military Historian

SONGS OF SAIGON

(Songs that Pacify)

Second Edition

Recommendations for Additions Greatly Appreciated

AREEVADERCHE SAIGON

Areevaderche, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

The Viet Cong steal our weapons.

The Viet Cong hold them tight.

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Now they're raiding our strategic hamlets

Wonder where the Bao An and the Dan Ve are tonight.

The Bao An steal our chickens

The Dan Ve steal our rice

And the Hamlet Chief is selling bulgar

With the GVN acting so vulgar

Is it any wonder that the VC seem so nice.

Where are the Special Forces

They're not on our frontier

They are beating up the nuns and bonzes

They are beating up the nuns and bonzes

That's the reason for the shooting that you can hear!

They send us lost of Colonels

With chickens on their necks

They are working in coordination

They are working in coordination

They are making plans to win the war on top of the Rex.

Areevaderche, Saigon

We hope you win your war

I'm looking for a job in Bangkok,

I'm looking for a job in Hong Kong,

I'm looking for a sinecure in Singapore.

THE LONGEST YEAR

There are boys of Special Forces
There are lads from USOM too
And the guys who fly the choppers -
And of course there's me and you.

Refrain: . . . The longest year, the longest year
 You know damn well was spent right here,
 The longest year, the longest time
 That I have ever spent!

It's gone on a whole log longer
Than we thought in '62
We'd be home a whole lot sooner
If it weren't for Madame Nhu.

Refrain: . . .

We were working in liaison,
Told them everything we do,
and they put in in the papers
Said that we had planned a coup.

Refrain: . . .

If they weren't out burning Buddhists
Or scaling pagoda walls
They were finding ways to cheat us
'Cause the load we had to haul

Refrain: . . .

If you ever come to Saigon,
Follow my instructions, kid -
Buy a ticket on to Bangkok,
You'll be very glad to did!

Refrain: . . . The longest year, the longest year
 Was spent in Viet Nam right here
 The longest year, the longest time
 That I have ever spent!

WE ARE WINNING

(Tune: Rock of Ages)

We are winning, this we know
General Harkins tells us so.
Though in the Delta things are tough
And in the highlands very rough,
But the VC soon will go,
Mr. Cabot tells us so.
If you doubt them, who are you
McNamara says so too.

(Tune: Landlord Fill the Flowing Bowl)

Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl
And splash it on my dishee
Landlord fill that nuoc mam bowl
And splash it on my dishee
For tonight we'll dysentary be
For tonight we'll dysentary be
For tonight we'll dysentary be
Tomorrow we'll smell fishy.

(Tune: Sioux City Sue)

I meet a gal in old Saigon
I asked her what was new
She said I think this morning
They held another coup
I dont know who they couped this time
I surely don't know why
The only thing I know for sure
We had a little coup!

GHOST ADVISORS BY AND BY
(Pre-Coup)

Some Yanks went out advising
Down in Southern Vietnam,
But the people they advised
Didn't give a good Goddam
The president and his family
Were sweating out a coup,
And they blamed the whole "Schamozzle"
On the likes of me and you!

-- 1st Chorus --

Yipee aye yea! Yipee aye yea!
Ghost advisors by and by!

Some Buddhists did a "slow burn"
In Hue and in Saigon,
And you couldn't "watch the birdies,"
Without dodging plastic bombs.
The students, they got angry ---
The government closed the schools
And the "Times of Vietnam"
Called the U.S. a bunch of fools!

-- Chorus --

These advisors were notorious
For countering insurgency.
They collected "Lessons Learned"
For the Chief of "QUO VAN MY."
They gathered tons of data,
From the field in Vietnam
(But down in Venezuela,
It won't be worth a damn!).

-- Chorus --

They worked for COMUSMACV
And for the Chief of MAAG,
Who told Bob McNamara
That the war was "in the bag,"
That the Viet Cong were beaten
In this brave "Diem-ocracy"
(They didn't tell the insurgents:
The omnipotent VCs!).

-- Chorus --

Yes, in the steaming jungles
And the plains of mud and rice,
Infested with mosquitoes,
Viet Cong and body lice,
There went the good advisors
And some "Greenie Beanies too,
To save the little country
For the likes of Madame NHU!

-- Chorus --

They advised the Civil Guard
And the valiant SDC
They advised the Vietnamese
In the land, air and sea
And when the fights were over
When the "body-count" was in
Our side had lost a hundred
And the VC only ten!

-- Chorus --

They built Strategic Hamlets
And they dispensed USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards
That they really had it made!
They defoliated jungles,
And herbicided rice,
As long as the Ambassador
Could afford the going price!

-- Chorus --

Then they headed for the airfield,
Out at good old TAN SON NHUT;
With boarding passes in their hands
And CIBs to boot!
"Little soldiers of misfortune,"
And, "Tools of the CIA,"
They waited for jet planes
To touch that broad runway!

-- Chorus --

Now buddy, listen to them
And hear what they will say
They're gonna board that aircraft
So don't get in their way
They'll "ZAP" you with their cross-bows
And their home-made rifles too
Cause no seats exist on that craft
For the likes of me and you.

-- Final Chorus --

Yipee-aye-yeah! Yipee-aye-yeah!
Ghost advisors by and by!

GHOST ADVISORS

(Embassy's cleaned-up version)

Some Yanks went out advising down in Southern Vietnam
While countering Ho's insurgency they encountered the Madame
It was frequently confusing in the land where plastic flies
Just which ones were the VC, and whom should they advise.

Chieu hoi! Chi Yi (pronounced like by)
Ghost advisors bye and bye.

They built strategic hamlets and they gave out USOM aid.
They convinced the Montagnards that they really had it made.
They defoliated jungles and they pulled up VC rice.
They swatted the mosquitoes and they searched for body lice.

Chieu Hoi! Chi Yi!
Ghost advisors bye and bye

THE YELLOW ROSE OF SAIGON
(Pre-Coup)

She's the Yellow Rose of Saigon
And I think she banned the twist
But she's a real cute little dolly
She's one I think I've missed
You can talk about the President
And about his brother Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

She's angry at the Buddhists
And she hates the New York Times
Because they always rib her
And accuse her of some crimes
What's a little joke about cook-outs
Or imported gasoline
Why, that's real exaggeration
She's really not that mean.

Yes my little Rose of Saigon
Is just a refugee
She fled down from Hanoi
To make jobs for you and me
She's snowed old Maxwell Taylor
and Ambassador Nolting too
Now JFK's her buddy
And gives her money too!

So my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Stays off of Tu Do street
She doesn't go for loving
But at intrigue she can't be beat
I look for many changes
When she meets with Mr. Lodge
Cause it's said that he's a sucker
For eastern camouflage

Yes my Little Rose of Saigon
Is a veteran through and through
She's careful with her money
In case there is a Coup
She's bound to salvage something
For all her enterprise
Before the VC lose their fight
Or America gets wise.

Now my Yellow Rose of Saigon
Is in the USA
To be a UN member
In the good old fashion way
You can talk about the President
And about her husband Nhu
But don't talk about my Yellow Rose
If you know what's good for you.

STRATEGIC HAMLET SONG

Give me wire, lots of wire, under starry skies above,
please fence me in.
Wrap it round, wrap it round, wrap it all the way around,
please fence me in.
I've got the house and the fields, and the pump protected,
felt secure till the CG defected!
Give me more aid and I'll feel protected,
please fence me in!
Give me lemonade, bandaid, USOM aid, any U.S. aid.
I asked for fertilizer, pig pens, bulgar wheat, and
haven't got it yet.
So I'll bark at the moon til they burn my fences.
Stay in my hamlet till I lose my senses.
Bury my shotgun cause I've got no defences,
please fence me in!

THE STREETS OF SAIGON
(Coup-Time)

As I walked down the Streets of Saigon
As I walked down Le Loi one day
I spied an ex-president all dressed in white linen
All wrapped in white linen and cold as the clay.

"I can see by your uniform you're an advisor."
These words he said as I slowly walked by.
"Come sit down beside me and hear my sad story,
I'm shot in the head and I'm sure to die.

"It was once I ruled wisely, once I ruled strongly
And loved my sister or so they did say
But I kept my brother and so I ruled wrongly
For the Buddhists gone burning I know I must pay.

"Have sixteen dancers to carry my coffin
Have the girls down at Tu Do sing a love song
Take me down Xa Loi, there lay the sod over me
Now that USIS has scorned me, I know I've done wrong.

"Oh blow the pipes slowly and beat the drum loudly
Play a slow twist as you carry my pall
Put Dalat roses all over my coffin
To soften the tears of the press as they fall."

I'VE STAYED TOO LONG
(Tune: I Wonder Why)

We don't need MAAG advisors
We just take tranquilizers
We've been here long enough to know.

We don't need supervisors
We don't need fertilizers
We just need to go from here.

We can really hardly wait
To get through that airport gate
We're not chicken, we're all through.

I hear VC, but there's no one there
I find leaflets underneath my chair
I've got hash marks on my underwear
I've stayed too long, I've stayed too long.

I count hamlets in my dreams at night
Too much nuouc mam's spoiled my appetite
I'm just one great big mosquito bite
I guess I've lost the fight, I've stayed too long.

MACV FIGHT SONG

Fight on for COMUSMACV
He'll lead us to victory
Send the ARVN out to fight
We'll stay in Saigon and see the sight
For we are advisors and never fear
All our advice falls on little ears
And the Viets fight on and on
Worried that we may go it alone
So fight on for COMUSMACV
We'll going to win in '73
Johnson'll send us more and more
Elections will help us to shorten the war

LET'S DO IT

(Saigon Version 1964, end Jan)

Who did it? Dinh did it.
Only others seem to think that Minh did it.
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

The word is out General Khanh did it.
(Wouldn't it be fun if Brother Can did it?)
Let's do it, let's have a coup!

Marines from way up in Hue do it,
No need for Nhus, they just ngo-
Tanks, they tell us, too, do it -
Tanks a lot from My tho.

They say that Kim did it,
Don did it,
Certain factions seem to feel that Dung done did it -
Let's do it, let's have a coup.

SORRY ABOUT THAT

You're working very hard at MACV
18 hours a day
For three months you've been on a project
With no extra pay
You finally turn it in in time
To hear the General say
The projects cancelled, we don't need it
Throw that junk away!

- Chorus - Sorry about that!

You're transferred into the Delta
Hamlets to defend
You reinforce your garrison
For fight to the bitter end
J2 has said VC will attack tonight your town
Instead by dang they hit Nha Trang
And burn it to the ground.

- Chorus - Sorry about that!

Next day you're patrolling
When a land mine lays you low
A Huey takes to to Saigon
Your leg wound up to sew
They wheel you into surgery
And of this there is no doubt
The dirty carts mixed up the charts
They took your appendix out.

- Chorus - Sorry about that!

And then your year is ended
Your replacement's here and trained
You're out at Tan Son Nhut
With suitcase finally to emplane
You're headed up the stair-way
When the MP's come for you
To say your tour's just been extended
From one year to two.

- Chorus - Sorry about that!

Those Viet Cong Are Breaking Up that Old Gang of Mine

Not a soul down in the hamlet,
That's a pretty certain sign,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

All the boys are selling weapons,
Ho's piastres do just fine,
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

There goes Nhu, there goes Diem,
They were not so tame!
There goes Don, there goes Dinh,
Things won't be the same!

Oh, I get that shaky feeling when I hear those mortars
"chime"
Those Viet Cong are breaking up that old gang of mine.

We Gotta Have Khanh (You Gotta Have Hanoi)

We gotta have Khanh
Months and months and months of Khanh
When the press were saying we'd never win,
That's when the guy stepped in.

We gotta have Lodge
Please stay with us, Mr. Lodge
Though New Hampshire says he better go back,
Saigon would feel the lack.

When the odds are saying zero,
Keep your goatee in the air.
Mister you can be a hero,
There's success in every hair
There's nothing to it but to do it--

We gotta have Khanh,
Maybe even years of Khanh,
Even though some think he should shave his chin,
We know that our man will win
So we gotta have Khanh-- and Mr. Lodge.

MACV FIGHT SONG II

(Windsocke Tune)

Buckle down, Westmoreland, buckle down
You'll win, Max Taylor, if Westy buckles down
You're both stars a plenty
At less than three and twenty
You'll win, Max - Westy, if you'll only buckle down!

MACV MARCHING SONG

Oh, mine eyes have seen the glory
Of the Montagnards at play
I have seen Strategic Hamlets
In every sort of way
And have battled the mosquitoes
And every kinda bug
And with the VC girlies
I've exchanged a dozen hugs

Glory, Glory I'm at MACV
Glory, Glory I'm at MACV
Glory, Glory I'm at MACV
What a hell of a place to be!

Oh I've seen the troops of MACV
At work and at their play
I have seen them down at Caman
And in the hills of Hue
And to their counterparts
I have often heard them say
Let's get on with this war
So I can get away!

TWAS COUP DAY
(Cour - Time)

'Twas Siesta on "Coupe" day
And all thru Saigon
Not a soldier was stirring
Not even big Don
The plans were all checked
By Minh with great care
In hopes that a victory
They soon would declare
The Nhu's were all nestled
So snug in their beds
While visions of power
Danced thru their heads
With Diem in his nightshirt
And Nhu in his cap
Both settled down
For a hot sweaty nap
When out on the roof
There arose such a clatter
Diem rose from his bed
To see what was the matter
Then what to his wondering eyes did appear
But 30's and 50's inspiring such fear
(Cause they were all shooting not there but here)
The tanks and the how's and the planes
How they came
He started to think 'How short-lived is fame!
Then all of a sudden his phone gave a jingle
(This happened quite often since he was still single)
"Give up and live or resist and die,
We'll give you till six to say no or aye"
He picked up his pants, down the staircase he flew
If I hadn't listened to dear Madame Nhu
I'd still have control instead of the "Coupe"
But now that it's here, I'd better get brother
To come up with crack troops and put down another
Attempt to take over the reigns of this realm
And let me get back to steering the helm
So putting his fingers up to his nose
He gave them the sign that everyone knows
And moving the bookcase so grand and so tall
Uncovered a doorway into a hall.
This passage was secret-not even Nhu knew
That this was 'built in' for just such a 'Coupe'
It led to an alley outside of the grounds
To a spot that was in back of those loud banging sounds.
"We made it", cried Nhu with a voice loud and clear
But Diem stated wisely "We are still too near"
So let's take that vehicle parked over there
I once drove an APC (It was a dare)"
They captured the driver and vehicle intact
And moved it out smartly (the vehicle was tracked)
Over the river and away from the 'coupe',

Dash away dash away dash away Nhu
And all you could hear as they drove out of sight
Was 'Merci Beaucoup', Don't shoot all night

The next day we heard so few of the facts
The rumors were flying about many pacts

But one thing we feel is essentially true
Some old is preserved, but there ain't no more Nhu.

DON'T TAKE MY COUNTERPART AWAY

(You are My Sunshine)

In South East Asia, Here in Vietnam.
There is a misunderstood war.
Some say insurgent, some psychologic
Please don't take my counterpart away!

Down in the delta, we have the VC, who come
here from the North of Hue
Some say guerilla, some next door neighbor
Please don't take my counterpart away!

Chorus

The other night dear, out in the Hamlet
I dreamed I held you in my arms
When I awoke dear it was the VC
So I shot him down and I cried-

Chorus

The high triumphant includes Westmoreland
with Throckmorton and Dick Stilwell
They'll have the VC backed into China
Just don't take their counterparts away!